

Come shall wee goe along ?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers*

*Gray and Vaughan, prisoners,*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this :

To day thou shalt behold a subject die,

For truth for duty and for loyalty.

*Gray.* God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you :

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Riv.* O *Pomfret, Pomfret.* O thou bloody prison,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peares :

Within the guilty closure of thy walles

*Richard* the second heere was hackt to death :

And for more flaunder to thy dismall soule,

We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

*Gray.* Now *Margrets* curse it false vpon our heads,

For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

*Riv.* Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,

Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my sister and her princely sonne :

Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.

Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

*Riv.* Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let vs all embrace

And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why wee are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say when is this royall day ?

*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time ?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

*Buc.* Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein ?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke ? his mind.

*Bish.* Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord ? we know each others faces :

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then I of yours : nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

*Lord Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well :

But for his purpose in the Coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered

His graces pleasure any way therein :

But you my L. may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,

Which I presume he will take in good part.

*Bish.* Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* My noble L. and countens all good morrow,

I haue beene long a sleepe, but now I hope

My absence doth neglect no great designes,

Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,

*William L. Hastings* had now pronounst your part :

I meane your voyce from crowning of the King.

*Glo.* Then my L. *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of *Elie*.

*Bish.* My Lord.

*Glo.* When I was last in Holborne,

I saw good strawberies in your garden there,

I dee beseech you send for some of them.

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Coufen *Buckingham*, a word with you :

*Catesby* hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,

And findes the testy gentleman so hote,

As he will loose his head ere giue consent,

His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it.

Shall loose the royalty of *Englands* throane.

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

*Dar.* We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.

To morrow in mine opinion is too soone :

For I my selfe am not so well prouided,

As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.*

*Bish.* Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue sent for these straw-

G

(beries.

*Hast.*